

Nautical Evolution.
"I believe," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "it is customary to call a common jack tar a seaman. But when he gets to be an Admiral it's the fashion to speak of him as a seadog."—Chicago Tribune.

Burglar-Proof Glass.
Burglar-proof glass has been invented by a smart manufacturer. It is made by pouring molten glass over a network of steel wire. It is especially adapted for skylights and jewelers' windows.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today with purging pills, pills, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Massachusetts is caring for 500 epileptics, of all ages, from four to seventy.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?
It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Send for FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A New Jersey man has voted 143 times in seventy years, and is proud of his record.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or 10c. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

In 1838 Wisconsin had a population of 2333. To-day it is about 2,000,000.

Ever Have a Dog Bother You?
When riding a wheel, making your wonder for a few minutes whether or not you are to get a fall and a broken neck? Wouldn't you have given a small farm just then for some means of driving off the beast? A few drops of ammonia shot from a Liquid Pistol would do it effectually, and still not permanently injure the animal. Such pistols sent postpaid for fifty cents in stamps or New York City Supply Co., 116 Leonard St., New York City. Every bicyclist at times wishes he had one.

There are more Germans than Irish in the United States.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. H. C. C. Co., Fall River, Mass.

A load of two tons can be readily carried by a full grown elephant.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Motz, Needham, Mass., October 22, 1894.

Most people here better with the right than with the left ear.

"Evil Dispositions Are Early Shown."

Just so evil in the blood comes out in shape of scrofula, pimples, etc., in children and young people. Taken in time it can be eradicated by using Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine. It vitalizes and enriches the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Try Grain-O!
Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. At the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitations.

General Fitzhugh Lee's Class Ring.
An interesting relic in the shape of a ring once worn by General Fitzhugh Lee recently came into the possession of W. B. Odert, a jeweler of Wheeling, W. Va. Walter Boule and his family went to the city from Huntington, W. Va., two months ago, and a few days ago the head of the family informed Mr. Odert that he had a large ring he desired to sell for its gold value. When the ring was delivered the jeweler could hardly believe his eyes, for it was inscribed "Fitzhugh Lee, 1856." The setting had been lost many years ago, and the intrinsic value of the gold was \$6. This sum was paid Boule, and he gave the jeweler a fragmentary history of the ring. He said the relic was the class ring of the well-known Virginian. On one side it bears in deep-cut figures a Templar's coat of arms and hood and on the reverse crossed swords and axes.—New York Sun.

A Story of Sterility, Suffering and Relief.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM No. 59,185]
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Two years ago I began having such dull, heavy dragging pains in my back, meneses were profuse and painful, and was troubled with leucorrhoea. I took patent medicines and consulted a physician, but received no benefit and could not become pregnant. Seeing one of your books, I wrote to you telling you my troubles and asking for advice. You answered my letter promptly and I followed the directions faithfully, and derived so much benefit that I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. I now find myself pregnant and have begun its use again. I cannot praise it enough."—Mrs. COBA GILSON, YATES, MANISTEE, MICH.

"Your Medicine Worked Wonders."
"I had been sick ever since my marriage, seven years ago; have given birth to four children, and had two miscarriages. I had falling of womb, leucorrhoea, pains in back and legs; dyspepsia and a nervous trembling of the stomach. Now I have none of these troubles and can enjoy my life. Your medicine has worked wonders for me."—Mrs. S. BARNHART, NEW CASTLE, PA.



My country, mine! O blessed prize Resorted for him alone Who holds his freedom dearer than A kingdom and a throne.

The wondrous world is compassed by The soul that truly knows It hath no master save itself— Free as the wind that blows.

How thought goes back on swallow wings To that momentous morn In June of seventeen-seventy-six— That day our flag was born.

All beautiful upon the breeze It ran along the sky— A thousand rills welcome cried And cannons roared reply.

The sunbeams came in haste to kiss Its virgin colors whirled In joy aloft—God's gracious sign That right should rule the world.

Boom! Iron-throated cannon, boom! Blow trumpets till ye crack! Our way is forward up the hill And naught shall turn us back!

Then Pleasure grasped the marshal life, And Peace the war-like drum— While every patriot cried, "To arms! Columbia has come!"

And men will follow where she leads O'er mountains, plains and sea, With Liberty upon their lips Till all the world be free.

—Charles Eugene Banks.

A BOY AGAINST A WHOLE FLEET.

He Was a Hero From Heel to Crown and Outwitted the British.

STORY tells us that late in the month of December, 1778, Thomas Inis and his son Rose, then about sixteen years old, were on one of the small marsh islands which lie near the mouth of the Savannah River. Savannah was then a small town held by the American army of patriots, and the War of the Revolution was in full progress throughout the colonies.

From the information furnished me it does not appear what Mr. Inis and Rose were doing on the marsh, but they had a sailboat anchored in a creek, and for some reason Mr. Inis took the boat and returned in it to Savannah, leaving his son alone on the island until he should come back. It seems that Rose had some provisions and a gun, wherefore I infer it was wildfowl shooting that had tempted the twin down the river. At all events, Rose was left alone, and his father had been gone scarcely an hour when a large English vessel, tall masted and heavily armed, appeared in a broad bay or creek a mile from the island. It was one of a strong fleet come to attack Savannah.

Rose knew as soon as he saw the ship just what was meant, and his predicament seemed quite hopeless, so far as escaping capture was concerned, especially when a little later there came a small sloop-rigged open boat, containing a British officer and five men, which anchored almost exactly where his own boat had lain, when his father took it.

At this time Rose was on a bit of hummock land, where a line of struggling trees and bushes grew near a narrow tide channel in the marsh. He quickly hid himself and watched, while the officer and crew came ashore, and it soon appeared that they were a party sent from the fleet probably to look for an eligible place upon which to establish a camp.

Doubtless Rose, being but a boy, exaggerated his danger, and became unduly excited, wrought upon by recollections of stories he had heard of British cruelty to prisoners. Still his feelings were like prophecy of what was to happen, for when Savannah was taken, unarmed citizens were bayoneted in the streets by the brutal soldiers of invasion.

Rose was no coward, however; on the contrary, he came of a stock whose chief characteristic was the fighting spirit, and he was a patriot from heel to crown. He looked to the priming of his gun, examined the

edge of the flint to be sure that it was duly sharp, for he did not mean to be taken without a fight, and he even preferred death to capture.

Meanwhile the British party had made a swift survey of the little beach near the boat. Apparently the officer was not quite satisfied. He had, perhaps, seen the tracks made by Mr. Inis and Rose, and was taking precautions by carefully reconnoitering. Rose quickly foresaw that he would soon be tracked up and found. As his danger grew, however, his spirit and wit increased apace. He held his gun ready, while he lay in a tuff of scrub palmettos, and he thought with lightning swiftness of what he should do when the last emergency came.

The party of British separated into two squads, on passing east of Rose, the other to the west of him. Evidently the intention was to beat the marsh in a systematic way. It would

be not long before one or the other squad would come upon the flank of his bit of hummock land, cross his trail and so discover him. The time for action of some sort could not be greatly delayed. Rose revolved the situation in his mind, never once losing sight of the deliberately advancing soldiers.

The point where he lay concealed was perhaps the highest part of the little island, and it gave him a wide view of marsh lands and breeze-tossed waters and wooded isles and distant bluffs of mainland. Three war vessels were now in sight over toward Tybee some miles away. What was to be done must be done. It was one lone boy against the whole fleet of Commodore Parker.

A truly brave spirit is never without adequate resources at a trying time. Rose Inis caught the one bold chance as it offered. It was a desperate suggestion, and it called for a tremendous spurt of energy and a coolness, a strength and a daring almost impossible.

The directions taken led the two British squads farther and farther apart, and at the same time farther and farther from the boat, which, with sail flapping, lay close by the shore of the creek. As it afterwards turned out, the officer was a topographical engineer, and his actual purpose was to find, if possible, a short route, by either land or water, to the outer defenses of Savannah. But Rose Inis felt sure that he was being tracked, and now a suddenly formed plan of escape took active possession of his mind.

With but a moment's consideration he seized his gun and ran straight for

respect of all who knew him. He often told the story substantially as I have written it.

BRAVE MOLLY PITCHER.

Exploits and Escapes of This Patriotic Revolutionary Woman.

Among the heroines of the Revolution, a struggle so prolific in heroic women, there is none to surpass the wife of the humble New England private, Molly Pitcher, whose grave on the grounds of the private estate of a wealthy American's summer home on the Hudson is known to a few interested individuals. Molly Pitcher was the wife of a soldier, and she attached herself to the command in which he served as gunner. She earned the name of Pitcher from her occupation—that of carrying water to the soldiers, over whom she exercised the influence of a martinet. She wore a semi-regimental dress, consisting of a blue skirt, a red coat and a cocked hat. She rated the men for cowardice, and if their accommodations were not in order they feared Captain Molly more than they did their own officers. She manned a gun at the capture of Fort Montgomery and Fort Clinton, when word was received that the Hessians were advancing rapidly, and a panic would have ensued, but Molly mounted the ramparts and shouted:

"Come on, Hessians or redcoats, and we'll give ye a supper of bullets that will fix ye for life."

When urged to run and save her own life she retorted:

"Niver a shstep will I run till thot gun's fired."

And she touched off the last cannon



that was discharged in Fort Clinton, while the enemy was pouring over the ramparts.

General Washington was attracted toward Molly at Monmouth, where her husband was killed, and she asked for his place as gunner, where she held the position for a whole day, leading and firing, her husband's dead body lashed to the cannon beside her.

When Molly retired from the army at the close of the war she was put on the pay roll for life, being made a captain by brevet. She spent the rest of her days at West Point, among whose archives her history is recorded. Her

the British sailboat. As he sped along he stooped as much as he could, in order to hide behind clumps of palmetto and patches of tall marsh grass. The alert soldiers soon saw him, however, and the one nearest him yelled to him to stop. Instead of obeying the order, Rose redoubled his effort to reach the boat.

Bang! went the Briton's gun, and its ball sang in the grass close to Rose's legs. All the men and the officer now gave chase to the flying boy, who, when he reached the creek, plunged in, holding his gun so that the lock was out of water, and swam to the boat. Out of breath and terribly excited, Rose scrambled aboard, first tumbling his gun over the gunwale to the bottom of the boat.

It was now work for dear life. Rose was a clever sailor and knew just how to go at the business in hand. He hauled in the little anchor and sprang to the sail, loosed it, grabbed the tiller and got into the breeze. Meantime on came the now thoroughly alarmed officer and men, shouting, shooting, panting, gesticulating.

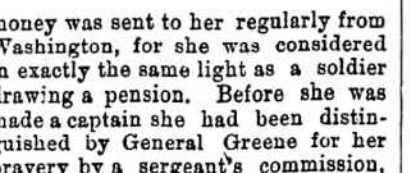
The breeze was fresh and favorable. It took the sloop's sail with a vigorous sweep. She leaned low and sprang along beautifully. Rose had lost his hat and his hair was all disheveled; the perspiration poured down his face. On came the soldiers, and at the water's edge they lost some time in confused running back and forth. Then by order of their commander they loaded their empty guns. Every minute, every second was precious to the brave boy.

Fortunately for him, army muskets in those days were but rude weapons with a very short range. Two hundred yards could not be accurately shot over with them, and already the swift little boat was a good hundred yards out and flying down the creek to the broad arm of the river nearby.

"Fire!" cried the officer. A volley rattled spitefully, but not a bullet struck the heroic boy. One went through the sail, two hit the boat. Then the soldiers ran frantically along the shore until they reached impassable mud. Here they were compelled to stop and give over the chase.

Rose knew every waterway in all that region, and seeing the masts of the British fleet, he took a course to avoid the vessels. But in doing this he presently fell into a cross channel which lost him the breeze and he had to row for more than a mile.

Meantime the firing had been heard on board the fleet and the nearest vessel sailed up and tried to discover the cause. It was too late. Rose made his way to Savannah and was afterwards in the thick of the fight when the town fell into the enemy's hands. Nor did he give up, even then. With his father he went away as a private in the little patriot army and fought until the successful close of the glorious war. His life was a long and happy one, and although he never became a distinguished man, he enjoyed to the end of his days the esteem and



MOLLY PITCHER.

money was sent to her regularly from Washington, for she was considered in exactly the same light as a soldier drawing a pension. Before she was made a captain she had been distinguished by General Greene for her bravery by a sergeant's commission, which was presented to her in person by Washington himself, while she asked him to excuse her appearance, she being covered with dirt and blood.

This is the "Daughter of the Regiment" who lies sleeping among the tall cedars on the bank of the Hudson, and whose letters of credit are on file at West Point.

Fourth Celebration of 1812.
An advertisement of a Fourth of July celebration held in Southwark in 1812 shows that noise and patriotism at that time were considered absolutely necessary to a proper observance. There were no elaborate fireworks displays, but during the day it declared that 1000 packs of Chinese crackers would be fired, and that in the evening there would be many rockets exploded and illuminations by big fires would be given.

A Tragedy of the Fourth.
There once was a person called Crockett, Who filled up his pockets with rockets. His friends in despair Now carry his hair As mementos around in their lockets.

Peculiar Fire on a Ship.
A peculiar case of fire on shipboard was that which damaged the bark Annie Stafford, at Dieppe, France, recently. The vessel carried as ballast fifty tons of flint stone. While lying alongside the wharf the vessel pitched and rolled and this produced friction between the stones, causing sparks which ignited the ceiling. As the bark had previously carried cargoes of petroleum, the interior woodwork was naturally in fine condition for taking fire, and a damaging blaze was the result.

Some Copsious Languages.

Among all the European languages the English is the richest so far as the number of words is concerned, and it is also the one which has added to its vocabulary the largest number of words within the last half century. The latest English dictionaries contain not less than 360,000 different words. Next in rank comes the German language, with 80,000 words, and then come in succession the Italian, with 35,000, the French, with 30,000, and the Spanish, with 20,000 words. Among the Oriental languages the Arabic is the most copious, its vocabulary being even richer than that of the English language.

In the Chinese languages there are 10,000 syllables or roots, out of which it is possible to frame 49,000 words. Another notable language is the old Indian Tamil, which is now spoken in the South of India, and which contains, according to the latest calculations, 67,642 words. In the Turkish language there are 22,530 words, and thus it is richer than the Spanish and some other European languages. A singular fact is that aborigines, as a rule, have very limited vocabularies. The Kaffirs of South Africa have at their disposal not more than 8000 words, and the natives of Australia use only 2000 words.—New York Herald.

Washington's Shad Man.

The shad man is getting in his fine work right along, too. He knows that his season is comparatively short, and so he atones for it by added vociferation. One of his peculiarities is that he dwells with considerably more insistence upon the "roe" end of his double-worded cry than he does upon the "shad." It is "roe-shad-roe-shad," with the name of the fish uttered in so inaudible a tone that if people within hearing didn't know differently they might reasonably conclude that he was calling "roe-rook" or "roe-perch" or "roe-eels." He does business and gets the money, however, for Washington folks know a good thing when it comes their way, and this is a shad town.—Washington Star.

A Great Train to the South.

The Southern Railway's Washington and Southwestern Limited, which leaves New York daily at 4:30 p.m., will begin the new fast operate between New York and Atlanta Pullman Observation cars, in addition to the present through Pullman service. New York to Atlanta, New Orleans, Memphis, Chattanooga and Nashville. Dining car serves all meals between New York and New Orleans. These observation cars were especially constructed with the view of affording the traveler every opportunity of enjoying the driving panorama of the country through which the Southern System passes. Two other fast trains are operated over the Southern Railway, New York office, 271 Broadway.

Indian oak, one of the hardest of woods, will sink in water.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists.

The Tyrol has over 635 licensed Alpine guides.

J. S. Parker, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the \$100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Of the money in actual circulation \$60,000,000 is in bills of \$500, \$1000 and \$5000.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The people of London are computed to spend \$6,000,000 daily.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. H. C. C. Co. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Two buffalo calves were recently born in the Philadelphia Zoo.

Does Your Head Ache?

Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion bad? Boils or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning. From what poisons? From poisons that are always found in constipated bowels.

If the contents of the bowels are not removed from the body each day, as nature intended, these poisonous substances are sure to be absorbed into the blood, always causing suffering and frequently causing severe disease.

There is a common sense cure.

AYER'S PILLS

They daily insure an easy and natural movement of the bowels. You will find that the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

with the pills will hasten recovery. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and is a great tonic to the nerves.

Write the Doctor.
Our Medical Department has one of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Tell the doctor your troubles, and he will send you the best medical advice without cost.

S. J. AYER, Lowell, Mass.



WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

It means it is the purest made. Soaps, strong with alkali, will eat And burn the clothes, and leave them frayed, But Ivory Soap is clean and sweet. It washes out the stain and dirt, And leaves the fabric all unhurt.

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Discovered Fishes Without Eyes.

While blasting rocks to enlarge a reservoir near Uniondale, a small pool of water was discovered under a great ledge of rocks. The water in the pool was a bright green, and when the mass of rock was taken off it turned to a dark blue. Around the edges of the pool were strange mosses and ferns, which withered as soon as the rays of the sun encountered them. Through the crevices of the rocks ran great red and blue beetles and ants, and great horned snakes with hoods and double fangs wriggled around the edge of the pool. In the pool the workman found fishes with no eyes and having green scales. When lifted from the water they changed their color to a dark blue. When they encountered the air they gasped a few times and died. In the fissures of the great rock horned toads were found alive, where they had been for years. They lived only a few moments. The place had been visited by scientists, who are mystified at the singular find among the rugged hills of Susquehanna County. Eyeless fishes have been found but twice in Pennsylvania within a century.—New York Press.

A New Dog Disease.

A new infectious disease of dogs has largely been established. For a year now an extraordinary number of dogs have been taken ill and died in different German towns under very striking conditions. At first it was believed to be due to malicious poisoning, but it was soon discovered to be a malignant epidemic. From the observations of Herr Kurtz, veterinary surgeon at Stuttgart, it appears that the disease, which everywhere assumes the form of an epidemic, is an infectious disease of the nature of gastric catarrh, with bleeding connected with inflammation of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which had never been known before. At Stuttgart at first seventy per cent. of the cases ended fatally, which number afterward fell to forty per cent. The epidemic is now nearly over there; but at present the cause of the disease is utterly unknown. Animals which have once had the complaint and recovered seem to enjoy a certain immunity, for no case has been observed in which a dog has been attacked twice. Correspondence in New York Times.

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DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. E. E. GREEN, 1078, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

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ALEXANDER REMEDY CO., 246 Green St., N. Y.

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